

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1887.

VOL. VI—NO. 25.—WHOLE NO. 235.

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

His Son's Memories of Him in the Field.

THROUGH THE CAMPS.

A Boy's Novel Adventures Among the Soldiers.

GRANT UNDER FIRE.

His Fearlessness at Port Gibson and Raymond.

BY COL. FRED. D. GRANT, NEW YORK CITY. (Copyright 1887.)

II.

The following morning my father and party went on board a captured rebel gunboat, which was called the General Price. As many troops as possible were put on board the gunboats and transports, and all stemmed down to where the town of Brunsburg had been. Not a house was left standing at this place; at least I cannot now remember to have seen one. All had been burned to the ground—dreadful consequences of war! The troops on board were landed and the boats sent back to bring more of them.

I remember that Gen. Grant seemed much gratified at the way in which Admiral Porter co-operated with him in making use of the men-of-war for conveying both infantry and artillery across the river. During that afternoon troops were marched over and placed near the hills back of Brunsburg, and the boats continued to bring more of them over for into the night, if not until daylight. As there was no great attention paid to me, I laid myself upon the deck of the Price and fell into a sound slumber. When I awakened in the morning I discovered that

MY FATHER WAS GONE.

I could hear the firing of guns, and knew that a battle was in progress. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant-General of the army, was still on board the Price, and as he seemed to be in charge of all at the landing, I asked him where my father had gone, with the determination to follow him. Gen. Thomas seemed to be very anxious, and said that there was a great battle going on; that my father had left very early in the morning, and had asked him to look out for me, and not allow me, upon any condition, to go on shore.

Upon our return to Brunsburg, however, where some troops were landed, a rabbit appeared, jumping up in the field, and part of a regiment that had just arrived became interested in the pursuit of it. I asked Gen. Thomas to allow me to assist in catching this rabbit. He consented to my doing so. When I reached the soldiers

THE RABBIT HAD DISAPPEARED from view, but fearing that Gen. Thomas would not allow me to come ashore again, I did not return to the boat, but immediately started for the hills to see what was going on at the front.

I soon found a party of men marching down toward the battlefield. I joined them, and had walked several miles, when they were halted. As I felt weary, and a small train of ammunition wagons at this point was about to start to the front, I made the acquaintance of one of the drivers, who let me ride one of his mules. After some time we reached ground that gave evidence of having been fought upon. There were some wounded men, abandoned canteens, pieces of clothing, etc., strewn about upon the field and fence.

We soon came to a fork in the road. At this point a battery of artillery dashed up, and I left my friendly teamster, who had been really kind, having divided his dinner with me. I followed the battery, which went rapidly up to the left-hand road, and was soon brought into action. They were placed upon a hill, at the side of the road, facing the enemy, and opened vigorously with their guns. Not being particularly pleased with the position I had gotten into, I went back to the road, and finding some troops just passing, I joined them. They were soon deployed to the left of the road. My recollection is that these men belonged to the 7th Mo. They moved forward in line of battle and were soon hotly engaged in combat.

While they were here Gen. Grant came along the line, and fearing that he would be displeased to find me here, instead of being on the boat where he had left me, I placed myself

BEHIND A TREE

until he should leave for some other part of the field. He stopped near by, and calling an officer to him, he held some conversation with him and then passed along to the right. Very soon a great shout was heard, and the whole line moved forward. The enemy had given way. I followed with the troops until we reached the road again. The battle was finished, and I was informed that we had carried the day.

Shortly after the battle the troops which I had been with moved a short distance down the road toward Port Gibson, and there went into bivouac about midnight, and I started off, hoping to find my father, having by this time become very tired and hungry. Wherever I went I found dead and wounded men. I was filled with horror as I wandered about over the field.

I came upon burial parties who were collecting the dead and the suffering ones. They would take up a body, carry it back a short distance, and then place it with others upon the ground. They had arranged two lines of dead bodies, one of Union soldiers and one of the enemy's men. This ghastly sight was

SO FRIGHTFUL TO ME

that I started off and joined another party who were collecting the wounded, and followed them a distance of about a quarter of a mile, to a small log house which had been taken and arranged for a hospital.

Here the surgeons were occupied in amputating limbs and binding up wounds, and all about the house were poor fellows lying, many of them shrieking with pain from their injuries, and many terrible moans and sighs had I to confront now, so that I was really overcome and felt faint and ill. I tottered to



FRED. GRANT AND THE ORDERLY.

the edge of the space occupied by the wounded, and sat, propping myself against a tree, probably the most welcome twelve-year-old lad in America.

I had not been here long before I saw a soldier on horseback approaching. He stopped in front of me and said, with great surprise,

"Why, hello! is that really you?" I saw with great relief that he was one of my father's Orderlies. He immediately dismounted, came and sat down beside me. I confided to him that I was tired out and felt ill. He then unsaddled his horse, spreading the blanket out and, giving me his saddle for a pillow, said kindly, "Now try to get some sleep." I gratefully lay down, and was soon soundly slumbering, dreaming, however, much of the horrors of war and all that I had seen that day. Later in the night I was awakened by my good friend, the Orderly, who exclaimed:

"Look here; your father has come." I raised myself up and saw, about 50 yards off in the distance, a group of officers, and among them my father. I started with great joy to him, and I still have in my mind a vivid picture of him as he was then, sitting upon a little camp-stool, drinking from a huge tin cup some coffee which the soldiers had just made for him.

As I neared him he looked at me with great surprise, and said:

"Why, Fred, I thought I left you safe on the boat at the landing!" To this I answered, "Yes, sir; you did." "Then how did you manage to get here?" I explained all, saying I had walked part of the way. He smiled and replied:

"Very well; you cannot get back now, I suppose," and then he continued conversation with officers about him.

My father used to tell the story of my meeting him at the battle of Port Gibson, long afterward, with interest, and much greater satisfaction than he expressed to me that night.

After the coffee had been disposed of, some one came up and said to Gen. Grant that there was an abandoned house less than a half mile up the road, and he immediately started with his staff and took possession of the place for that night. We found in the vacant house a table all arranged for dinner—a choice dinner, too—which the family owning the place had probably left suddenly, owing to the awful battle which had raged so near about them. All of our party sat down comfortably to enjoy a repast which proved to be

THE ONLY GOOD ONE

that my father partook of during that campaign. Now, however, I may recall the real misery I endured during that night; for being an exhausted, sleepy boy, I took my place on the floor to rest before the officers retired. My father, seeing me peacefully sleeping, and not wishing to disturb me, left me where I was.

When all had left the room shortly after, I was awakened by a dog which came running in, having evidently broken loose from his kennel, or house, and he went around me with his chain dangling after him, searching everywhere for his master. In my inexperience I feared to arouse his anger by getting up to drive him out, and spent a great part of the night veering my feet in the direction of the dog, in place of my head, and he seemed possessed with the idea of investigating me thoroughly and my surroundings. Fortunately he proved not savage, and, with the exception of keeping me awake and uncomfortable all night, did no harm.

The following morning there seemed to be a great question over transportation, as there were really not enough horses to accommodate all at headquarters. A soldier solved the problem for some of us; he brought in two white horses, very large ones, which had been captured the previous day with some artillery. Mr. C. A. Dana, who was then Assistant Secretary of War, and accompanying my father, took one of these horses, and the other was given over to me. Mr.



RIDING A MULE.

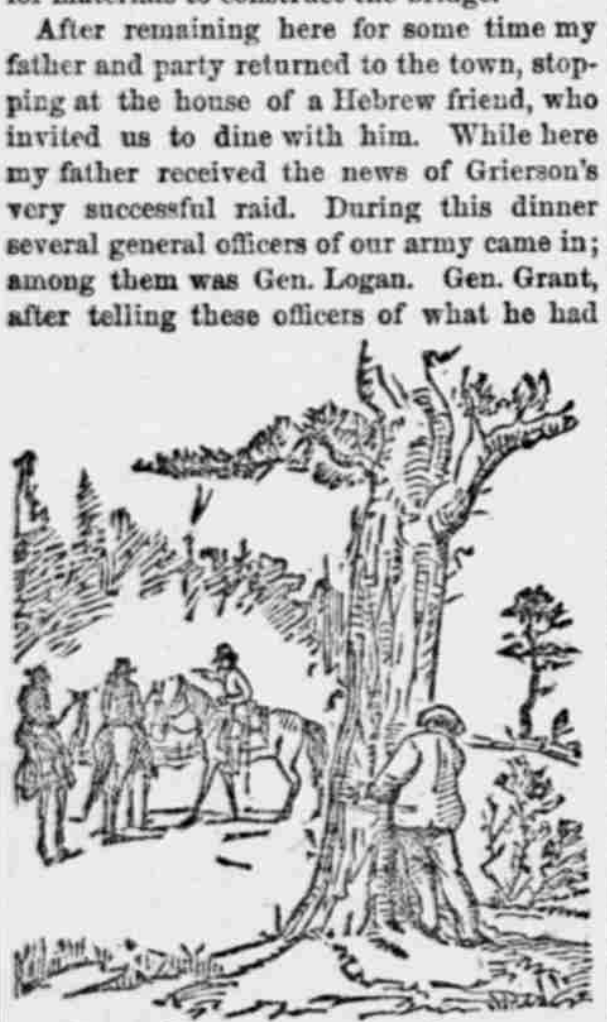
Dana was well equipped, having a bridle and saddle. Such was not the case with me, and I was compelled to improvise a harness. I made use of

AN OLD ROPE CLOTHES-LINE for my bridle, and the tree of an old side or lady's saddle, without stirrups, completed my outfit. My horse proved to be so slow in movement that I was unable to keep up with Gen. Grant and his staff, so I fell far back in the rear.

The soldiers seemed to be intensely amused at seeing me. As I passed along, a rather small boy upon an old white horse, which was at least 17 hands high, equipped as this one was, I must have been a comical spectacle, and the soldiers cheered me heartily as I went riding by them. But many a mount became as grotesque as mine was then before that campaign was ended.

The distance from our resting-place of the previous night to Port Gibson was only about two miles, but it took me at least three-quarters of an hour to make the trip. I found Gen. Grant upon the bank of Bayou Pierre, where a pioneer company of sappers and miners were building a bridge under the direction of one of his staff officers, Col. J. H. Wilson. They were using boards which they stripped from a house near by for materials to construct the bridge.

After remaining here for some time my father and party returned to the town, stopping at the house of a Hebrew friend, who invited us to dine with him. While here my father received the news of Grierson's very successful raid. During this dinner several general officers of our army came in; among them was Gen. Logan. Gen. Grant, after telling these officers of what he had



FRED. HIDES FROM HIS FATHER.

heard of Grierson's success, turned to Logan and

COMPLIMENTED HIM CORDIALLY upon the splendid action of his division during the day previous, and told him that he wished him to go to the old railroad suspension bridge below Port Gibson to secure the crossing.

Gen. Logan was apparently pleased at this opportunity of having additional work to accomplish. He turned to me and said:

"Come, my boy, and I will show you the prettiest fight you will ever see."

I went with Gen. Logan, who was very enthusiastic, and he fulfilled his promise to have a fight so far as possible for him to do with an enemy that ran away after a few shots were fired. I returned to Port Gibson after the skirmish at the suspension bridge, and found my father gone, the bridge at the Bayou Pierre finished and our army crossing. I followed the troops until dark, when they halted and went into bivouac.

I rode on until I reached the crossing of the North Fork, where the troops were constructing another bridge. I stopped at a house near by, which had a porch in front, covered over with sleeping officers. I crawled in between two of them, both of whom awoke and in energetic language remonstrated with me. I told them who I was, when one of them, Col. (afterward General) J. B. Sanborn, welcomed me kindly and loaned me

PART OF HIS OVERCOAT for a pillow. I remained there until nearly dawn, when, becoming very cold, I got up and went indoors. There I found a bed with two occupants, and I took the liberty of finding a place of rest between them.

The next morning when I awoke I found that my bedfellows were two large negroes. I had slept well, but had thought my quarters close.

On the morning of May 3 I passed on from my resting-place and found my father at the bridge watching troops who were crossing the North Fork. I suppose I looked badly, as father asked me if I felt ill. I explained to him that the horse I had used the day before had been a poor one and had fallen down and injured my leg badly, so that I felt very stiff and tired. He replied kindly that I must use the one he had ridden, which was a horse belonging to Gen. A. J. Smith. All of my father's horses had been left on the west bank of the Mississippi River. We soon mounted our horses, I taking the one father proposed for me to have, and all started for Hankinson's Ferry.

After riding a few miles my father and staff went ahead of the troops, and we soon came to where the road forked, and found that the enemy had placed there some artillery and infantry in line of battle. Gen. Grant sent a messenger back to the troops to hasten them forward, and a skirmish-line was formed by the men he had with him.

We could see what appeared to be a large body of the enemy marching up the road from Grand Gulf and passing on toward Hankinson's Ferry. Gen. Logan

SOON REACHED THE FRONT, with two regiments of his division. These regiments were put in order for battle and moved forward, the enemy soon giving way before them, and we resumed our journey to Grand Gulf.

After this skirmish, in which we lost one man killed and several wounded, our escort in moving down the road picked up many muskets and about 30 prisoners. All these we took into Grand Gulf with us. When we arrived Admiral Porter had reached there, and Gen. Grant went immediately on board the Benton, several others following him. I remember well the cordial manner

of the Admiral when he invited us to stay with him. He at this time gave my father a package of letters, among which, I have since learned, was one from Gen. Banks, saying that he could not be at Port Hudson as soon as he was expected there, and that he would have with him fewer men than Gen. Grant had counted upon his having. This, I presume, necessitated a change of orders; at any rate Gen. Grant began immediately to write letters and orders to his different Generals. He continued steadily upon this work until about 2 o'clock in the morning, when he

BORROWED A CHANGE OF LINEN from one of the naval officers (his own having been left and forgotten in his anxiety upon graver subjects), then ordering his horse he started for McPherson's command. I was left by my father with Col. Lagow, of the staff, and the next day one of the transports reached us, bringing our baggage and horses on board of it.

The following afternoon Col. Lagow started with wagons of our headquarters to join the army, taking me with him. We reached my father at a little town called Rocky Springs, where he had taken possession of an old Masonic Lodge for his headquarters.

The next day Gen. Sherman came up with the Fifteenth Corps. By the time of his arrival Gen. Grant had gone on some distance, and when Gen. Sherman joined him, we were all seated on the porch of a very large, comfortable house. My father greeted him pleasantly, but Gen. Sherman seemed agitated; I think because of the wagons on the road, which interfered with the progress of his troops. Gen. Grant and Sherman walked up and down the porch talking for some time. When they had finished their conversation, Gen. Sherman seemed relieved and more cheerful. He soon departed.

From the 7th until the 12th of May my father spent his time, it seemed to me, riding in every direction, staying a short time with each of his three corps commanders, Sherman, McClernand and McPherson. All the time was passed in following my father about, by us at headquarters, and his "mess" began to be so neglected that I decided to take my meals with the soldiers, who did a little foraging on the road and lived much better than the commanding General. My father's table at this time was, I may frankly say,

THE WORST I EVER SAW or partook of. Even in times of peace he cast little thought upon his appetite and fare.

On the 12th day of May, as we approached Fourteen Mile Creek, the enemy opened fire upon us. Osterhaus, who commanded the advance division upon the road on which we were moving, was ordered to throw a regiment out as skirmishers to the left, and send some cavalry on the road and on to the right. After a skirmish which continued probably an hour the enemy left our front, but we could hear the roar of artillery away off to our right, so we knew a battle was going on somewhere in that direction.

I had become very friendly with one of the Orderlies near me, called "Pony." After the enemy had departed from our immediate front Pony and I crossed the creek and rode out a distance of probably a mile. We saw some of the rebels, with one cannon. We, fearing that they would take us prisoners, started on a road to the right and in the direction of the cannonading, that we could still hear.

Going up this road for possibly half a mile, we saw 10 or 12 horses tied to a fence in front of a house near by. Pony immediately proposed that he and I should make an independent charge upon them and capture the horses while their riders were indoors, and if possible try to surprise the men themselves into a surrender to us. This was a bold move, but we made ready and started off at full speed. I was armed with a small pistol and Pony with the equipment of a cavalry soldier. The idea suddenly entered my head that possibly so many men might

MAKE PRISONERS OF US.

I conveyed my thoughts to Pony. "Yes, we are in a scrape, but it is too late to turn back now," he said. We went on with apparent courage but much trepidation in our hearts to take possession of the horses, when some one came riding out of the house. He was uninformed in blue, and we found with grateful feelings that we had been trying to capture an advance detachment of the signal corps of General Sherman's command.

Pony seemed greatly chagrined at being placed in the ridiculous position in which we now appeared, but I was satisfied and happy to find myself with friends instead of being in the hands of the enemy. We did the best we could under the existing circumstances, and joined our friends of the torch and flag at dinner.

When dinner was over the firing had ceased in the direction of Raymond, and we started upon our return to our headquarters; but when we got back to the main road we found pickets stationed there, and we had some difficulty in convincing them that we were friends wishing to return to the Union lines. We passed that night at an old farmhouse, and the following day rode into Raymond.

The battle of Raymond was fought by two divisions of McPherson's Corps, commanded by Generals John A. Logan and M. M. Crocker. Two soldiers as gallant as ever drew sword. Logan, being senior, commanded during the fight. To see Logan on the field was worth

A GREAT DEAL OF ONE'S LIFE. He was called by his troops "Fighting Jack," and they were thoroughly devoted to him. Crocker, who was also very brave, was not as handsome as Logan, but his troops swore by him. No division stood better than his in battle, nor was there one better in assault than his (Crocker's). When we arrived upon the ground over which the battle of Raymond had been fought, we saw how desperate the contest had been; at least about that part of the road upon which we approached, for the wreck of battle had not yet been removed.

All the fearful sights were in plain view

except the wounded, who had been carried by sympathizing comrades to the town. Whether or not the number of Surgeons was sufficient I cannot say, but when we came to a house that was occupied by the Confederates as a hospital my father sent them Dr. Hewitt, of his staff, to attend to their wants, and gave directions for medical supplies to be left for them. I remember that several times, later on during the siege of Vicksburg, my father sent food and medical



FATHER AND SON.

stores back to Raymond, and at one time he sent again Dr. Hewitt to care for the sick; and that officer must have been taken prisoner, for he did not return to headquarters again during the siege.

We spent a night at Raymond, and next morning, in a driving storm, we started for Jackson, the Capital of Mississippi. This city is about 17 miles from Raymond. After proceeding about 15 miles, we were passing through a dense woods when a shot was fired. Some one of the staff shouted:

"General, the sharpshooters are aiming at you."

All of us stopped and turned about, EXCEPT MY FATHER. Gen. Grant directed his horse to the side of the road and dashed into the woods directly toward the place whence the bullets were coming. He was quickly followed by Col. Wilson and Lagow, and they by half a dozen Orderlies. Soon the whole of the escort went in, forming a skirmish-line and moving straight forward until we arrived at a large house, where we were halted.

Shortly after this Gen. Sherman's Corps came up, when some regiments were thrown out as skirmishers and moved forward some distance. Sherman himself soon arrived and began to place his men in line of battle; when they were all up and in position they were moved forward. We then followed this line, with slight skirmishing, until we reached a hill with an open field before it.

Away off to our left we could see McPherson and the enemy forming in lines of battle. Soon they were engaged in close contest. Sherman had now advanced against the line of fortifications about the city, halting for a short time when close up before them to take position for the assault. In the meantime we could hear the guns booming away on our left. Gen. Tuttle, of Gen. Sherman's Corps, was sent to our right. During the time that Gen. Sherman's men were being posted he himself was with Gen. Grant on the porch of an old house near by.

Suddenly all the guns in our front opened upon us, and our line was broken, the men making for the rear. Both Gens. Grant and Sherman immediately mounted their horses and, riding

AMONG THE RETREATING SOLDIERS, soon stopped them and made them return to their lines and prepare for battle.

My father, giving some directions to Gen. Sherman, rode off to that part of the field where Tuttle was engaged. I followed, and we soon came to where Tuttle's Division was forming in line in the midst of a very dense forest. This division was moved forward, and coming to the edge of the woods they found there the enemy's breastworks confronting them. The whole division dashed forward, going over the works with-



PREPARING FOR BURIAL.

out meeting great resistance. The gallant men were then wheeled to the left and started up the line of the enemy's intrenchments, Gen. Grant accompanying them. I, thinking the battle was ended, rode off toward the town, going directly to the State-house. When I arrived at the Capitol the Confederate troops were passing. They were in haste and paid no heed to my presence, although I wore a blue uniform. I was very small, very wet, much splashed with mud, and altogether unattractive. I was

THE ONLY "YANKEE" AROUND.

Soon after the retreating Confederates had passed I looked up the street in the direction from which they had come and discovered some one on horseback carrying the Union flag approaching. This man rode past me, and, stopping at the Capitol, dismounted and entered. I was filled with great enthusiasm, followed him to the second floor of the building and passed through an open door. It proved to be the Governor's room which I

entered. A consultation must just have taken place there, for the table was covered with papers and several pipes were lying about, the smoke still issuing from one of them. I took what I supposed to be the Governor's pipe, as it was the handsomest one and lying upon one end of the table. I believe that the Governor and his friends had left in great haste, when they saw their defenders retreating.

When I had looked about until quite satisfied, I returned to the street, and looking up I saw the officer whom I had accompanied into the building up high in the dome or cupola of the Capitol raising the Union flag over this fallen city. As there have been several people who have each claimed to have been the one who raised our flag over the Capital of Mississippi, I may describe the officer's appearance as I saw him perform this famous act.

He was a rather stout man, about five feet seven or eight inches in height, with very dark complexion, black hair, eyes and beard. He wore his beard long and full. From his uniform I supposed him to be a Captain, although he may have been a First Lieutenant. He must have anticipated some opposition to his enterprise, for when I rode up to meet him,

HE AVOIDED ME, paid no heed to my salutations, and darted past to gain the door of the Capitol.

After leaving the State-house I remounted my pony and rode some distance toward the west, where I saw some horsemen advancing. They proved to be Gen. Grant with his staff and escort. I returned with them to the city, where we went to a hotel called the Bowen House; my father having the rooms given him that had been occupied by the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston the previous night.

After a refreshing bath my father went down to the balcony of the hotel. There were assembled a few people, and the street in front of the building was crowded with



A STYLISH OUTFIT.

negroes and some white persons. Presently an officer attired in Confederate uniform, with a flushed face, pushed his way upon the porch, and approaching my father, said something disagreeable, or intended to be so. My father told him to leave instantly, but as the officer refused to do so, Gen. Grant went to the railing of the porch, and calling up to him Serg't Spades, of his escort, ordered him to arrest this officer. The man obstinately

REFUSED TO MOVE,

when Serg't Spades drew his saber, and said: "Now go, or I will run you through."

The officer retired thus under arrest, or guard. I never forgot this Confederate's face, so excited was I over the incident, and when I saw him nine years after, in the Khedive's (Isma'il Pasha's) service in Egypt, I recognized him instantly. The circumstances just related were recalled, and we talked over the affair; and he took occasion to say to me that he had ever felt grateful to my father for the leniency shown him, when the punishment might have been so much more severe.

[To be continued.]

THE BATTLE-FLAG.

BY WILLIAM CANNELL JONES.

Battle-flag, glittering in sunlight and gold,
On each starry crest of thy swelling fold,
The name of an hundred battles told,
Recall the glories, O! comrades, when
It was d' on the field o'er a thousand men
The valor and courage of volunteers—
This flag of ours was new,
With its silvery stars, on a field of blue,
And bright broad stripes commingling, too.

Omen of victory! to us unfold
Scenes of thy carnage as yet untold—
Deeds of thy warfare brave and bold,
Read and rehearse with blinding tears
The valor and courage of volunteers—
Gather the trophies for coming years—
Who gave their lives in the cause of right
And march'd to the front in giant fight,
Led by our flag of red, blue and white.

Hail! noble flag with thy battle scars!
Glorious blending of immortal stars!
Grand old souvenir of our wars!
Oh! last thou gladden'd the soldier's life
On struggling fields when battles rife,
Rainbowing the clouds of deadly strife,
And now that the storm of war has fled,
Bespang'd with banners of blue, white and red,
May thy memory ever brighten our tread.

That Rebel Spy's Song.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I saw some time ago an inquiry about the song sung by a man in our camp at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the Spring of 1863. He sang this song and others to the boys, and sold us stamps. He was afterward shot while trying to get through our lines to the enemy. I remember a part of the song entitled "We Will Not Retreat Any More." For the benefit of the comrades asking for it, and wishing to get some of the boys to send me the fourth verse, I will give what I remember of it:

The fortunes of war often change, boys,
And truces do oft turn the scale,
Tho' heavy the blow that we strike, boys,
We find that the truce may fall.

Chorus.
We will not retreat any more, boys,
We will not retreat any more,
We've numbers to match the rebels we'll catch—
We will not retreat any more.

We often go home in our dreams, boys,
And sit by the old kitchen fire,
And tell o'er the tale of our camps, boys,
To listeners we never can give.

But just in the moments of bliss, boys,
When thinking our troubles are o'er,
The order comes round to turn out, boys—
Fall in and march on as before.

L. F. GOULD, Co. I, 73d Ill., Hastings, Neb.

WITH SHERIDAN.

Graphic and Spirited Defense of the Nineteenth Corps.

HOW IT FOUGHT

Bravely and Well at Winchester and Cedar Creek.

ITS DEAD AND WOUNDED

Proportionately More Than Those of the Sixth Corps.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. FITTS, 116th N. Y., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE numbers its readers by hundreds of thousands. It is in the largest sense the organ of the veteran Union soldiers, because more of them are heard through its columns than through those of any other paper. I am one of its subscribers and constant readers who are heartily sick of the squabbles, the quarreling, the unilitary and unfriendly spirit manifested by so many writers in the "Fighting Them Over" department of the paper. If this part of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is to be of any use to us, there must be a very different spirit shown by many of its contributors. I should be pleased to think that the class I refer to were as bloodthirsty during the war as they seem to be in this error.

The error of these comrades is twofold, and always the same. First, they attempt to describe a battle that was fought over perhaps five square miles of territory, describing everything that occurred on every part of the field, when the ordinary case was that they were only permitted to see and participate in the fighting in a corner of it; and, second, they are full of that sweet innocence, big-headedness—call it what you will—that calmly ignores the presence of any other Union troops upon the field than their own regiment, brigade, division or corps. It is the old story of the fly on the cart-wheel over again:

"WHAT A DUST WE DO KICK UP!" Now this would be bad enough if the offenders went no further. But when positive misrepresentation, not to say libel, and gross detraction of other organizations are added, for the purpose of exalting the writer's own, the offense becomes simply unbearable, and the veteran who will deliberately commit it deserves a severe pen-castigation. If ignorance is at the bottom of such conduct, so much the worse. The ignorant veteran had better keep out of print.

So much for the general subject. My object at this time is to call attention to the latest, and probably the worst, sinner in these respects. I refer to D. A. Lockhart, Captain, Co. A, 61st Pa., Smicksburg, Pa., who, in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Dec. 30, 1886, exalts the Sixth Corps in connection with the oft-reiterated, continually answered, and absolutely untrue stock libels upon the Nineteenth Corps.

This old ground has been so often pl